

P O E M S

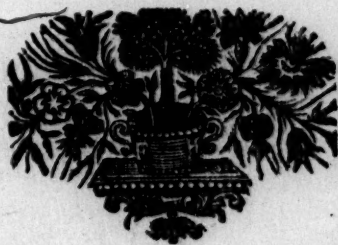
BY A

R E L A T I O N

O F

Sir *J O H N D E N H A M.*

The Lady Finch's



L O N D O N:

Printed for J A C O B I L I V E in *Aldersgatestreet.*

M D C C X L I I.

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Daniel, your Lordship.





TO THE
R E A D E R.



O try how Chance will be my Friend I dedicate this Reader only to You, which perhaps may be a little irregular as some of these Poems are, being of a very unconfin'd Humour. However, I'll venture your good Nature, and besides as a Masque you don't know but I may be your Friend, Banker, Patron, Doctor, or Friend's Friend at least. Therefore for all these Reasons, half Reasons, or no Reasons at all, You will be favourable to

Your very obedient Humble^d Servant.

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P O E M S, &c.

*To a Friend who would have had me wrote
something one Night on a Discourse that
happened upon Lucretia's, and other
Pictures.*



HERE Pictures talk like you,
where you desire,
One scarce awake to wander on
their Lyre :
I no such rambling Images allow,
In Dead of Night, shall no such
Rakes pursue,
Tho' in thy Marble I would seek Converse,
Not fly the Statue like contagious Verse,
That when approaching great *Minerva's* Throne, }
Or *Cæsar's* Court as a related Stone }
I like that marbled Stranger stalk alone.

B

• Then

Then where strait Canvas holds indulgent Speech,
 Your flowing Touches the Expression reach :
 But hold, that Picture says, no doubt some *Roman* Maid,
 With a sly Look, had your *Lucretia* stay'd,
 Abroad at Cards on any Terms delay'd,
 That her old Chairmen ^{could} ~~would~~ have spy'd the Door,
 But as Saint *James's* Watch had cry'd F-o-u-r ;
 She might have 'scap'd vile *Tarquin's* hateful Flame,
 And ~~not~~ ^{Or might she, her pursuer} ~~call'd~~ no *Poniards* to alienate her Fame.
Portia ne'er pry'd into a Husband's Taste,
 She in no ~~strange~~ ^{severely} ~~garment~~ ^{habit} had been drest,
 But might have burnt her *Amber* o'er the Coal,
 And blow'd the Fume to every neighb'ring Pool,
 A merry Girl you find by these Remarks,
 Conversing Story, in, with all the Sparks :
 Therefore let her amuse you, pray, and let me rest,
 For she's awake, and she can tell you best ;
 Can tell their Stories best, who best must know,
 Knows all their Turns, their every graven View,
 Whilst in their best *Champaigne* she drinks to You.

*For a Lady that had a Relation and particular Friend
 hurried to Town about Business, and said merrily it
 cost him a Hundred Pounds to see her.*

A Hundred Pound ! the Bill a short Receipt,
 When Pleasure is the View, a Friend the Sight,
 Your Purse methinks, yet of superior Art,
 If she would reckon with the countless Heart,
 The Soul's Immenfity in Pounds defray,
 Who rather should your Complements allay.
 A Hundred Pound ! O, sparkle the ^{flat} ~~dull~~ Sound,
^{raise} ~~her~~ ^{her} Accents, or ^{transform} ~~there~~ the Pound.

A Hundred Pound ! tho' by no Friendship bound,
 I in your Wisdom, and Muskatoes wound }
 Could make some Cur'sies o'er a Hundred Pound.
 When Gold, but as the Friend, no more her Pence be
 For see your very Pendulum's aham'd, (nam'd,
 To ^{find} ~~for~~ those Joys that all her Hours refin'd
 Now to some Hundred bounded Things, confin'd.

On FRANCELIA'S *Birth-Day*.

WAKE *Venus*, wake, and ~~hold~~ ^{na} your gliding Sphere,
 There's now no Time to argue, or attire,
 Since fair *Francelia*'s born o're all your Charms ;
 Your Charms, your Graces, and your Son's Alarms ;
 Therefore obey, and ring the World's Surprise,
 For see the Luminations of her Eyes :
 See, see, she looks, she moves, decks the returning Day,
 Gilds your soft Air, lives, and commands, Huzza, }
 Huzza, huzza, shines and commands, Huzza.

On a very Formal LADY.

JENNY should we see *Formia* stalk in
 O're wound in every Ruff since Time has been, }
 Yet don't you laugh at her ~~Delectable~~ ^{judicious} Mien.
 Who cries her very Deer, when bounding fast,
 Eat with no kindly Philosophick Taste,
 And lies on Carpets, for we'll use no Bed,
 By sliding Quilts and feathery Down o'erspread,
 Least some poetick Plume she says to sooth the Night
 Should rise and Penesy her Couch to write
 Poems as hateful to this artful Town,
 As are these Rhymes to her who must aloud disown,

All Notions half so arrogant, and wild,
 They should be cloister'd, and their Numbers fil'd.
 Writ as 'tis thought, on *Jonathan Wild's* Birth-Day,
 By some ~~History~~ ^{Aradlan} Post after his own Essay.
 On human Speed, when galloping away
 From spurious Compliments that Crowds might pay,
~~For ev'ry Jack Bots, and Highlanders best Smart,~~
 But on what Prance inscrib'd, since a Dispute,
 She says if one would gradually confute.
 Snails, Lares, Fairies, Airisms, or Men,
 It should be done, by some ~~unimpaired~~ ^{more ambitious} Pen,
 Tho' for the first Gavor, and seldom in the Wrong,
 She'll stake her Prayers, and ~~celebrated~~ ^{celebrated} Tongue;
 Or swing herself a Quaver to the Town,
 'Till the next Morning's ~~Town~~ ^{flight} shall take her down.

For One who was to give a Bowl of Punch to the Family, and two of them was fallen out.

HERE Quarreltires, your flowing Anger quench,
 There's no such Thing, as Enmity in Punch,
 Her Glasses of one ~~World~~ ^{Speech}, born of one ~~Race~~ ^{native},
~~Of every Separation, in every Race,~~ ^{One World, An Agreement of one fluid Tea}
 For see her Sharps, with flaring Sweets agree,
 Spirits with Water, last of all our Tea:
 Whence *Lora* call your Foe, and by no aukward ~~Step~~ ^{Health},
 For next Church, King, and Me, you drink her Health.
 Then Church again and World, before *Will* ~~steps~~ ^{bring} the
 Or *Celia* squanders, the indearing Night, (Light,
Nell slides the smiling Bowl from Mistress Phoo,
 And your most humble Servant

HETTY WHO.

Supper

Supper for the MUSES.

OUR Flames and Flights be all all, all, ragoo'd,
 And Cook those Raptures and the Phoenix stew'd
 With Lares Eggs, Love's Trifles, Coxcombs Hearts,
 A little Cestus, and some Female Arts :
 In strongest Gravy from fresh Notions drawn,
 Gather'd by Phantoms on the Morning's Dawn,
 And serv'd on gilded Vows, by *Danae* sold
 To Time and Absence, for *Britanish* Gold,
 With a Pearl Soop of *Cleopatra's* Taste,
 And Peacocks roasted o'er *Antonio's* Breast.
 Little besides for but a slight Repaste,
 Design'd the Muses only as in haste, (termaze }
 Nothing my Friends but Sweetmeats and small In- }
 Of Poets Rambles, Creams, *Elysian* Pies,
 Some *Roman* Ambushes, and *Caesar's* Why's ;
Argos by *Juno* sent with a few Flavours more,
 From watching *Jove* on some new Grove Amour,
 As beauteous *Daphne* of the God afraid,
 Wept on her Veil, that fav'd the harmless Maid,
 With her soft Tears who her own Beams inlaid,
 And wreath'd the Nymph into a Laurel Shade :
 Then on still Glides of Air arriving here,
 She mounts her Throne near great *Minerva's* Chair.
 The Floor as all bestrew'd with feath'ry Wings,
 Beaux Criticisms, and other trampled Things,
 Of the same Lustre and transparent Weight,
 Trod thin and easy for the Waiters Feet.
 Whence our chief Beauties plac'd *Francelia* by the Queen
 For *Venus* o'er her Eyes, on an immortal Sprain,
 Could

Could neither love she said, nor dance, that Day;
 Therefore sent *Mercury* to the Gods to say,
 Her childish Son had thrown away her Lays,
 Prophan'd her Hymns, and tore his Infant Rays;
 Fallen from the God to every Friend's Disgrace,
 That if *Diana* finds him in her Chace, }
 Her lucid Hounds will rend his darling Face : }
 Which frights her ^{very} Beams, since rather than the Truth
 Would charge her Woes on all the hallow'd Youth :
 Tho' to the Gods well known, *Francelia*, was the Smart
 His wild Idolatry and Alien Dart,
 Laughing from Shrine to Shrine, from Pole to Pole,
 Till *Bacchus* dropt his everlasting Bowl;
 Singing, yet Health to *Mars*, Procession to his Arms, }
 Long live our Vintage live, her bright Alarms, }
 But *Ovid* fonder of the Lady's Charms
 Cries with a deep Respect, dread *Juno's* Health,
 After *Francelia's* naming her by Stealth ;
 Which when by some o'erheard tho' whisper'd thro'
 He turn'd their Ears to a fantastic Pen. (her Fan,
 Swift Apprehension to a harsher Fate,
 His tender Breast, and fair *Francelia's* Hate.
 Whilst from *Elysian* Stairs to the *Arcadian* Strand,
 King *Pharaob's* Wells to *Porto Bello's* Land,
 Turning, returning; on to that Degree,
 That could all Things have mov'd to his Decree, }
 You perhaps would have been *Jove*, that Star, been me. }

'Tis desired *Francelia* would be here, for the Gods
 won't sit down till she comes.'

To UTRESIA afraid of Thieves.

Allowing Spirits, sure you've no Belief,
 Of Spirit in the broad substantial Thief:
 Then close no Crevices that meet your Sight,
 Lest Thieves glide in and mingle with the Light;
 But turn the Thief on them, for lift your Eyes,
 Look off, their Charter, and secure the Prize,
 For whose soft Looks, more Liberties has won,
 More Minds has rifled, Robberies outdone,
 More plunder'd, murder'd merely at your Will,
 Than strew'd, would reach your Eyes to *Tyburn Hill*.

To GRATIANA.

Gratiana see, see, how the rising Spring,
 Does to your Hand her flow'ry Homage bring,
 Tho' panting Roses, to their Friend the Sky,
 Say they would rather all forsake their Die,
 Like Turnpikes beg their Way from Day to Day,
 Then at your Cheeks their Sovereign Graces lay,
 Since from high Zephyrs born, of long Descent,
 Free, as your Air, for no proud Bosoms meant,
 By trembling Aspens mourn'd, who charge their Fear,
 From some seducing Whispers of the Fair.
 In *Flora's* Calendar they say foretold,
 When *Gratiana* shall the Pencil hold.
 Our Pines, must yield, be to strait Canvas brought,
 Proud Trees, like Men, bow to *Gratiana's* Thought:
 So when *Apelles*, fill'd the graven Throne,
 He thought the Monarch, and he arose and shone,
 Touch'd him to Life, and thought him to his Crown. }
 Tho'

Tho' had he ventur'd on *Gratiana's* Eyes,
 His artful Hand must have call'd more Supplies,
 Since your fair Eyes more finish'd Things can say,
 More Knowledge, Thought, more ev'ry Thing display,
 Than our most graven Elegance performs,
 Or *Eaton* boasts, from all her Logick Forms.

On some Ladies at Cards, a little improv'd.

Sabra. 'TIS well you're come, *Lavinia*, take your
 Place,

Lavinia. Hey-ho, but this is rude, who has the Ace.

Sabra. My Lady Busy has it, you are dull.

Lavinia. My Brother's Letter speaks the Cause at full.

Sabra. My Mother dying, read his Postscript out,
 Or Miss can read it, as you deal about.

A small Digression, Ladies, you'll forgive,
 Whilst in our Hands, yet, dear *Spadillia* live.

There's not one Card, methinks, but may remind
 Us of her *Airs*, tho' my soft Heart's too kind,
 Look on that Queen, *Lavinia*, in your Hand,
 Has not its Aspect, much of her Command.

The flowing Scarf, like that, we saw her play,

Before my Father's Eyes, his last, Birth-Day,

When she as Counters troll'd the Gold away,

And this blank Side, like the deserted Case,

Which shaded, the Enquiries of his Face,

But now, turn'd out in Cabinets, to graze,

Or in some Eastern Chest, to spend its Days,

Thence from her Hand, the Picture to be thrown,

In any Bosom, but her La'yship's own :

Nay, this whole Game alludes, from Thought to Tho'r,
 To her, in all its various Figures brought,

Diamonds,

Diamonds, alas, to Treasures, which she fought,
Clubs, to her sprightly Metal, Spades her Vault.

On Carolina's removing into another Part of the Country.

HEAR! those fair Streams, asks ev'ry flow'ry Pass,
Why Carolina's Feet forsakes their Grass:
Where azur'd Hills, our verdant Gleams maintain,
Like Carolina's Eyes, which does one Doubt remain.
What Glance most speaks the Glories of ^{her} ~~your~~ Reign,
Their open Triumphs, or our secret Pain.
Whilst not one Love but moves on this Distress,
Nor feathery Plume but points their soft Address,
Which all wave into Words, to beg you would return,
And their proud Rivulets, and lov'd Flames adorn:
Or else, say they, no Mercury flying near
Expression tax'd, and Apprehension dear.
Our ~~Swains~~ ^{Swains} will spend their Wings, in Compliments they
Dissolve their Eyes, and write in every Tear. (fear,

To Lucia complaining for Want of Sleep.

CA N you complain for Sleep, and think it just,
Who have robb'd so many Nations of their Rest;
Yet ~~when at Ease, from fighting Spectres free,~~
~~All Things adjusted to your own Decree~~
In Dreams, you'll sure sometimes remember me.

To One who would bear my Thoughts of the DEITY.

THE Deity, by me, is understood,
One only perfect and essential Good;
Known to Himself alone, who only can,
Pronounce Himself, to his created Man.

*On the First Chapter of Genesis, and first Part of the
Second Verse.*

“ And God said let us make Man in our Image, af-
“ ter our Likeness.”

Nothing, take Form, Man be, arise, command,
Grasping thy Throne, to a perpetual Strand,
Shook from the Dust, whilst of thy native Space,
Behold from far, an everlasting Race.
All *Eden's* Groves conspire a safe Retreat,
And each soft Lyre hail thy propitious Feet :
For hear, the Almighty says, Man let us make,
Deck'd in our Frame, from us his Graces take ;
From us his Mien and Symmetry sustain,
After our Likeness our high Image ta'en ;
Robed in himself—let him, the Light, array,
And till, no Off'ring, but the rising Day.
He spoke, 'twas done, Earth mov'd, and there arose
Man bow'd, ~~the bounding~~ ^{and on the} Universe, ~~and~~ ^{he} chose, }
Where he a numerous World should best repose. }
Whether by Great *Euphrates*, or found near
The blissful Place, which to his list'ning Ear }
First brought that Sound, let godlike Man appear. }
We know not well, but that he there was blest,
By every hallow'd Strain aloud carest :
Whence speak, and Heav'n avouch thy wonted Sway,
In what strange Labyrinth hast thou lost thy Way ;
Where Danger no soft Stratagem bereaves,
And Beauty by ungrateful Taste deceives.

Whilst

Whilst from thy Love thou suck'st no gen'rous Dart,
 Rich Balsam from her Tongue to sooth thy Smart,
 No Viper's Rings, nor Bracelets for thy Heart;
 Silk Covering for this long domestick Ill,
 Nor Weeds, nor Vestures, but thy homespun Will.
 From those no Reasons of rebellious Life,
 The grov'ling Serpent and inquiring Wife,
 Yet could this be, when on divine Parade,
 Near thousand Angels, to be thus betray'd:
 So arm'd, who then might have securely trod,
 And o'er thy Image still inscrib'd the God.
 Man's temper'd Frame as rarify'd above,
 From Wisdom's Follies as divinely wove,
 Wrought, an eternal Morn of Life posselt,
 Till Shades of Knowledge darkens all his Breast.
 True Mirror once of God, yet since alas
 That various Perspectives has flaw'd the Glass,
 Heaven strikes his Essence on more thoughtful Grass,
 Shewing that Union which her Leaf infolds,
 By three distinguish'd Points one Frame upholds,
 That ^{as} the Monarch first extends his Name,
 That Royalty which celebrates its Fame,
 In his bright Race lives equally the same.
 In Prince the same, by the same Orbs confest,
 Their flowing Veins in the same *Tyrian* drest,
 From both proceeding, as one Organ blest;
 Like different Features that one Aspect forms,
 Which tho' by trebled Lines one Gleam performs,
 As Light and Heat, which one bright Empire reigns,
 One Lustre blazes and one Act maintains,
 Whilst in blest Realms where Monarchy avails,
 'Tis all the Prince, the King, the God prevails.

On the twenty-first Verse of the third Chapter of the Revelations.

“ To him that overcometh will I grant to set with
 “ me in my Throne, even as I also overcame and
 “ am set down with my Father in his Throne.

And these Words of our blessed SAVIOUR’S :

“ Ye are my Friends, if you do whatsoever I com-
 “ mand you.”

FLY swift as Thought to take thy blisful Place,
 No soft Allurements here retard thy Pace,
 For to immortal Laurels turn thy Eyes,
 To those high Trophies thy Ambition rise,
 To vanquish’d Slaves, each false, unruly Guest,
 That would invade or overcalm thy Breast ;
 Divest it of those Glories there design’d,
 The Peace and Triumphs of a conquering Mind,
 Then from no Dangers, thou decline this War,
 But mount and shine, crown’d with the Morning Star,
 Mount Friend of God, where ever let me stay,
 Man, Friend of God, from all divine Allay, }
 Thro’ those endearing Characters obey ;
 Man, Friend of God, for ever, ever, boast,
 But in an Abyfs of Glory, I am lost.

To FLORELLA in a Straw Hat.

THAT Hat, Love bids you wear *Florella*, from
 his Hand,
 His Plumes, his Triumphs, and himself command ;
 The Hat made of soft Looks, once sweet almost as yours,
 Looks, which fair *Syrens* drop when she from *Pan’s*
 Amours, Vanish’d

Vanish'd in Reeds, and left him to pursue
 A Nymph transform'd to *Sylvian* Wreaths for you,
 Some Smiles, young *Cupid* stole, and to his Mother ran,
 With them half Reeds as from bewild'ring *Pan*,
 Whilst she proud of the bounteous and precarious Lot
 Wove Smiles and all into *Florella's* Hat,
 Assisted by her Loves, that in their *Cyprian* Tone,
 Hail you now Regent, of her downy Throne,
 Who curl their Wings, whene'er *Florella* talks,
 Courting soft Night, for Shadows where she walks,
 Tho' at all Times, from all affected Art,
 She treads our Theatres o'er every Heart,
 O'er every Triumph, every *Sylvian* Dart.

*At the Desire of a Friend. For a Lady's Dog that she
 lov'd.*

AND why good Madam, in this chinking Tone,
 Must I ~~now~~ ^{all} fare your Pinner, ~~my~~ ^{the} Bone;
 Tho' Mrs. Cook can bark us to the Nose,
 Things eat as well, when only drest in Prose,
 Without such Sauces, and with all this Rout,
 What must I say? I'm out, I'm out, I'm out, I'm o-u-t.

A Lady to her Friend upon Antiques.

HOW mourns the Day, dear *Celia* when we part,
 Who from one Enterprize but breath one Heart.
 For say, what Nymphs like us, e'er knew before,
 All our past Antients did, thought, said and wore,
 More, more, alas, than all, a vast deal more:
 Whence if from *Flanders*, or some Muse's Lap,
 Lace purld its Way to *Hercules's* Cap.

As

As how *Aeneas*, tho' a Man of Air,
 Could take his Horse and ride three hundred Year,
 To meet fair *Dido* on the next Parade,
 Haunting our Hangings, by his Wiles betray'd :
 When she, the Being was, he less than Shade,
 Unlov'd, unwove, unpainted, and unmade :
 As the Dimensions of *Minerva's* Muff,
 And peaked Compliments to *Cæsar's* Ruff :
 Where we may find our Stratagems engrav'd,
 Where Hoops first circl'd, and long Vows were shav'd,
 With what bright Nothing, than sharp Swords more
 What Strength of Mind, Agility and Mien, (keen,
Moor, of *Moor-ball*, still be his Name renown'd,
 Smote *Wantley's* Dragon from new Dragon Pound }
 To the Piazza's of *Arcadia's* Ground,
 Eating our Men like Marmalade, whilst he,
 With Nothing slays him to the last Degree :
 Thence, to what Ladies, he presents the Spoil,
 Where he bestow'd his Picture and fine Seal,
 Who chose his Glass Buroe, his Velvet Mail,
 What Nymph his Manuscripts, and which his Tail.

Between two Ladies.

First Lady. **H**A, ha, how I could laugh, who can
 forbear,

Second Lady. And, Madam, from no Cause with all
 this Air.

First Lady. Cause—Our Nerves once bound, Cause }
 struck the Tendent String
 But now relax'd we laugh at every Thing,
 All us, of Rank,—from every native Spring. }

Second

Second Lady. Then Crouds ne'er venture to laugh
out like you.

First Lady. O yes! but they laugh in Frômage, we in
Ragoo,

With an Esprit which their coarse Lungs must want,
Whilst we touch boldly as great Masters paint.

Second Lady. How shall I steer, 'tween You and Lady
Plute,

On Life's o'er florid Joys the World's dispute.

First Lady. My Lady Plute,—a very Winter Spout,
Whom all my Arguments cou'd ne'er confute :

Trick, my sly Woman's Jest a Girl, of vast Renown,
Who her fond Master likes, as I the Town,
A Husband's Heart, but a too small Return,
For every grateful Favour she has done.

In Love, in Modes, with many a growing Lear,
And Balmy Scandal our superior Care.

Therefore, breath to the West, more, from that
broader'd Chair :

For the least panting Breeze may soil its Air,
And Child her Bills of Neighbourhood lie there.

Second Lady. So that I find, she makes your Bills of
Fare.

First Lady. She does,——tho' where Provisions fail,
our Smiles we play,

Ha, ha, ha, as Something or Nothing, laugh off all
the Day.

On a pretty Child that invited me to suck with her.

INdearing Infant, by no Words confin'd,
 From all dumb Speech and Artifice refin'd,
 With Life who treats thy Guest, Friends, with
 thy liberal Mind,
 Thro' Nature's fondest Arguments addrest
 Thy Self our Language, and thy Self our Taste.

To a Lady that won a Perspective Glass in a Lottery.

SAY not I beg, your Glass has nothing spun,
 For in Perspectives, every Thing is won,
 Where our still Grain the rising Spring portends,
Francelia flumbers, and the World commands :
 Time gilds the sable Night, endows the Strand,
 From *Pisgab's* Views deals the unbounded Land.

The fifteenth Chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and the thirty-sixth Verse.

“ Thou Fool that which thou sowest is not quick-
 ned, except it die.

THAT Man should boast himself alive from high,
 Yet know not his own Priviledge to die :
 But from dull Custom, here, of Life wou'd stay,
 And gaze his great Prerogative away,
 To every various Death, of Life, aspire,
 Rather than in his native Arms expire.
 Tho' with a more than *Roman* Glory, he
 By one sharp friendly Stroke returns thee free.

Frees.

Frees thee from all those pointed Charms, which
 have so often slain
 Thy shining Purposes distress, and lain,
 Thee cold and breathless as that dying Grain.
 That yet with Pleasure meets the Lab'rer's Hand,
 Kisses the Spade, and waits his lov'd Command.
 Says not like Thee, why should I die, or how,
 Great Source of Life canst thou this Life renew,
 With brighter Faculties its Frame endow.
 Whence to that fairer Glass blind Man receiv'd,
 Thy Self engrav'd on every rising Seed,
 Who first must die, thou Fool, e'er thou canst live,
 Quickned to Joys, which bounteous Death must give.
 Conducting thee by his auspicious Hand,
 Thro' his cool Veins to Life's unbounded Land,
 A happy Meeting, Reader on that Strand.

*To CATO, DANIEL, and all my other particular
 Friends.*

MAY all superior Joys that Life attend,
 O'er Angels Wings, embrace my dearest
 Friends, *high*
 His Blessings whose ~~right~~ Arm the Patriarch led,
 Made soft, the stony Pillow of his flinty Bed,
 Surround my Friends, o'er the revolving Day,
 That no mistaken Gleams obscure their Way:
 But here, as thro' all Regions they have trod,
 Each as a Prince, prevail with Man and God.

Whence to Ideas left, of any flowing Taste,
 On their Atchievements I regale my Breast :
 Sometimes first Nature, hangs upon my Lyre,
 And sometimes *Cæsar* waves his awful Spear ;
 Which I dismiss to Beauty's louder Arms,
 Her flying Colours, fair *Francelia's* Charms ;
 No human Breath found here, to join these Lays,
 Nothing, but Self and Self, thro' all her gliding Days,
 To be alas thro' every Mansion tost,
 From *Pharaoh's* Levees to *Britannia's* Coast,
 But one, domestick Self—one Self, at most. }

*Some small Part of Life's Inventory to be dispos'd of on
 reasonable Terms.*

A Crooked Coral in a long red String,
 And rich Pavillion on a bending Spring,
 Endearing Smiles, prais'd at the World's Extent,
 With Crowns and Treasures for a less *per Cent.*
 Life's Phantoms and her Joys all doubly gilt,
 Milky her Draughts, till by the Infants spilt,
 Whence to avert dumb Fate, and to receive himself ;
 The Youth when grown toasts off his wild'ring Pelf,
 Reduc'd to Cupuloes, where *John* has told
 His Grandfire slumber'd and perus'd his Gold.
 Tho' round in Books, ^{dis}pos'd to every Mind,
 Some nice Quotations, on the measur'd Wind :
 Remarks, Harangues, uninhabitable Sand,
 And vast, vast Scrolls, of Arbitrary Land,
 Pictures and Goods, the 'Squire says here inroll'd,
 To be by Weight, and speedy Auction sold.

The Sale delays, as order'd to begin,
 From his own tolling, Chambers at *Gray's-Inn*;
 Books all thrown in, his *Morals*, *Thoughts*, *Essays*,
 With *John* and *Grandfather's* for what you please.

On the Word, I S.

LET me approach thy momentary State,
 As I would meet irrevocable Fate.
 In all supreme Events, who bear't a Part,
 Wearing no Name, nor Title, but thou art.
 Of real Presence for who ne'er art past,
 Like *Alpha* and *Omega*, First and Last.

On THOUGHT.

Magnificently born, resound thy Claim,
 Thou the still Sound of everlasting Fame;
 Boundless thy Robes, in purpled Mansions bred,
 By Angels nurtur'd, on Hosanna's fed,
 Thy Unction o'er Man's Frame divinely shed;
 As thro' superior Vehicles of Air,
 Sent him in Beams, fair as the Morning Star;
 From Heav'n, which mounts thee o'er thy own Control
 Plum'd thee with Wings, and brighten thee all Soul,
 Whilst by no long Eternity out-ran,
 The King, in Monarchy, and God in Man.

*On the Insufficiency of Man, alluding to some Words
 in the second, third, fifth, thirty-second, and last Verses
 of the forty-first Chapter of Job.*

FROM thy low Pedestal vain Man look down,
 Who would'st thy native Imag'ry disown,
 And rise superior on a borrow'd Throne.

Borrow'd

Borrow'd thy Hours from flying Plumes thy Ease,
 Thy Rest, thy Joys, thy Wishes, all thy Rays ;
 Whence try, if thou o'er him who drew thy Night,
 Can'st raise thy Mornings, or seduce his Light ;
 Decking his Beams, in Light's fair Garments spread,
 That as a Curtain veils thy shaded Head :
 Shades thee his World from Views thou canst not bear,
 Who cloath'd in Light from Light sustains thy Sphere,
 Walking his Winds which to the panting Whale,
 Each proud Leviathan commands the Scale,
 Whilst yet will he his Supplications bend,
 Or with soft Words thy flowing Thoughts attend }
 To modern Airs, or Arguments descend :
 Else with lov'd Tone will he the Hand obey,
 Or as a Bird in thy fond Bosom play ;
 Try his Address, and with strong Cables bound,
 Send him thy Maids, Girls for high Sports renown'd,
 Whose Eyes, tho' like the Eye-balls of the Morn,
 That by no gentle Looks will theirs return,
 As from his Mouth the burning Lamp rolls on,
 Trampling thy Tides, by his proud Train undone ;
 Tho' thou, yet bid it rain, and cool the sultry Plain,
 'Twill speak Dominion, and refresh the Grain,
 Call, call aloud, unbosom every Cloud,
 That may assuage or feed the hungry Crowd, (mand,
 Whilst if no Clouds descend, nor Beams at thy Com-
 To light the World, and gild the neighb'ring Strand,
 Conclude at large, howe'er proud Time moves on,
 God still remains the God, thou Man depending Man.

Mr. WITFREEZE's School.

Mr. Witfreeze. **W**HAT Doctor's Patience can
 support these Boys,
 'Twould split *Apollo's* Brain to hear this Noise,
 You four and twenty Boy, I still observe,
 You bear yourself on your new censure Verb :
 As if you all Wit's Criticisms knew,
 Yet cry on every sublunary View.

Boy. O, no Vivacity, Sir, makes me bawl,
 But, Sir, to hear your favourite Squire miscall
 Our Tarts his own, eating them hardly cool,
 Tho' mark'd with F, the Figure of the School.

Witf. Who still shall eat, whilst I can rule the Day,
 For stretch'd on my Gown, as I in Wisdom lay,
 I heard whole Crouds of thoughtful Comfits say, }
 He should our Sweet's devour,--but Peace Lord *Toodle*
 comes,

Open the Gates, I'll bring him thro' these Rooms :
 I hope Lord *Trace* is in your Lordship's Hand,
 Who shall my Notions, Wife and Wine command :

Lord. No, 'tis my Nephew, Sir, my Son's too young,
 Him I leave with you now, and I am gone.

Witfr. His Son too young, he's as old as *Nell*,
 That was Nineteen, when she roar'd so to spell :
 This Disappointment vexes me I own,
 Here take these Pipes away and batter'd Spoon,
 I'll break 'em else, and my Wife's powerful Stays,
 Or throw 'em to *Stump's* Muse to prop his Rays :
 But Passion's an unwise, unwearied Thing,
Dick Blunder call again the Stranger in :

He'll

He'll never do tho' Forty was his Age,
 I'll feel his Pulse, to try how they presage,
 For a good Wit's Pulse should never long agree;
 But beat its Wiles to every Man's Decree,
 Ascend our *Hellespont*, swim down the *Lea*,
 Sometimes all *Shakespear's* ~~Hippo~~^{and}, sometimes all me.

TO FRANCELIA.

A Lone for you away, no listning Echo~~s~~ near,
 Let my Self whisper to this bending Ear,
 Ask my Self, why thro' all Delights I find,
 Something I want, more pointing to the Mind,
 Say what it is? Tell why I ask thee so?
 I hate a Fool, and therefore I must know,
 A knowing Fool, for when in Nature drest,
 Pity the Stranger, and would skreen her Guest:
 Or Silence speak thy Sense, as always near,
 Say, think, think it aloud, why I aspire,
 To something more, than Custom shall inspire:
 To more than shall mere Argument suffice,
 Tho' far as Heaven, I reach the boundless Prize,
 Who as unbiass'd Light would make my Choice
 'Tween a fair World, and Heaven's alluring Voice.
 Tho' World, I scarce imagine, 'twill be thee,
 Since whilst admir'd by nothing more than me;
 Thy Charms and Perspectives, retain'd at best,
 Ne'er yet could answer this unruly Taste;
 For whilst *Francelia*, I her Joys pursue,
 Still wanting more, more charming Worlds like you.

To Brusana who advis'd Charlotte, in spite of Mirth,
to be angry on an Occasion.

THAT you the laziest of all Things can ask,
To undertake such an unweildy Task ;
For *Charlotte* says, Anger's a Nation's Toil,
Else to be taught her from some *Lybian* Soil.
Not your smooth Breast, for no harsh Things design'd,
Anger, the Tea—and Fever of the Mind :
Whence be her Strains, born off from every Port,
From every Congress, Preface-Court, }
To the next *Farinelli's* loud Effort.
For might she see our Gallantries advance, }
This Anger kifs your Hands, and call the Dance,
'Twould prove she tries a more auspicious Chance. }
Such Recitativo's, of more native Right,
Then brave your Cousins, and exert your Might,
Or waké the General, Friend, and sound the Fight,
Wishing his Excellence, a softer Night ;
Since if we must decide great Nature's Laws,
Francelia and *Gratiana*,—look, the Cause.

On the fourth, fifth and sixth Verses of the 57th Psalm.

“ Behold ye the Philistines also, and those of Tyre,
“ with the Morians, so ! there was he born.
“ And out of Sion, it shall be reported that he was
“ born in her, and the Most High shall establish her.
“ The Lord shall rehearse it when he writeth up the
“ People, that he was born there.

WELL might'st thou Tyre thy brightest Sails
have spread,
Have rais'd thy Pencils to the fairest Red

On

On rosy Palms, blush'd off thy proudest Die,
 If in thy Arms Infinity must lie:
 As thou might'st beg that every gallant Oar
 Would glide its Way with guardian Angels Care, }
 That no harsh Movement shou'd approach his Ear.
 No Sigh, no Gale, loud Breeze disturb his Rest
 Could'st thy large Domes but have receiv'd this Guest.
 That their high Rafter's could his Name suffice,
 Tho' 'tis on *Sion* that inswath'd he lies.
 Since 'tis reported there the God was born,
 Whose Bands thy broad Phylacteries adorn :
 When writing up the People shall declare,
 World, that thy God, thy Maker's Birth was there.
 Whose Land so blest, all thy rich Sapphires bring,
~~Love, and the like of these, and all the rest,~~ }
 Around the Temples of this Infant King.
 Thy Sun Beams find o'er each proud Robe he wears,
 Brighten'd above and cool'd in Virgin's Tears, }
 Awake his Morn, Lord of eternal Years.
 In feeble Bands 'midst Animals who there,
 There first aton'd to his Almighty Pow'r,
 Offering himself to his eternal Brow,
 With all the Ardour, Love and Heav'n could do,
 Why will ye die, asks from the sacred Throne,
 The melting Question from thy God comes down.
 Why then not Man thy suffering Lord forgive,
 For tho' he took thy Shape, that thou might'st live;
 Reserv'd thy Charms unrifled as before,
 And leaves thy Bosom, thousand Graces more.

Whose boundless Pity must like *Hermion's* Dew,
 O'er Cliffs and hardned Rocks more bless our View, }
 To longer Perspectives our Eyes pursue,
 Than when its Balm the fleecy Hills relieve,
 Which sucks in all the Unction they receive :
 Since when the fordid Traytor shall relent,
 Saint *Peter*, thou, or *Ninevites* repent.
 That Crime which does the Captive most enslave,
 Stript from the Mind, falls silent as the Grave :
 No kind Remembrance shall its Order grace,
 No monumental Spire install thy Race ;
 'Thro' all thy Scarlets tho' the deepest Grain,
 Whilst as they no Omnipotence retain :
 For as no Gods to be aloud forgiven,
 Or Guilt must claim Prerogative o'er Heaven ;
 For might Hells proudest Fiends once tenderly relent,
 They soon would lose the Dæmon in the Saint :
 On thy lov'd Name blest Jesus, melt away,
 To rise in Empires of perpetual Day,
 Whilst each dire Fury should his Incense bring,
 In softest Notes his Revolution sing,
 As faging Fiends would yield their endless Pleas,
 And weep their Flames to everlasting Ease.

The thirteenth, fourteenth, and Part of the fifteenth Verse of the Tenth Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

“ For whosoever shall call upon the Name of the
“ Lord, shall be saved.

“ How then shall they call on him in whom they
“ have not believed? And how shall they believe
“ in him of whom they have not heard? And
“ how shall they hear without a Preacher?

“ And how shall they preach, except they be sent?

TRUE! who can hear the Thing which none
has heard,

Not knowing know, what Shrine should be rever'd ;
Since tho' the clearest Minds, like Flame aspires,
Some Cenfor should direct those native Fires.

Whilst Reason farther, will assume to State,
That for our Help, distrest some One should mediate, }
Whose high Atonement, can bring equal Weight, }
To the Provok'd, how great so e're that Pow'r,
Pond'rous our Crimes, and numerous their Store ;
Which balanc'd must by no short Merit fail,
Should Justice hold the great depending Scale.

The God himself thence teaching to adore,
Himself the Way, the Offering, the Door,
Tho' Man all Advent, would for ever wait,
By some strange fordid customary Fate, }
Rather than enter that exalted Gate. }

Like some fair painted Shrine whose Gum for ever blaze,
~~That ever profanates, tho' he never prays.~~

*That ever worships and yet never On
(prays.*

On the Ascension of our BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Disperse ye Clouds, haste, all disperse to Air,
 No dark mysterious Atoms here appear :
 But from this rising Mount, back, back, be hurl'd,
 Beyond the Pale of your extended World,
 Your Stars to Meteors curl, take Form and gaze,
 Wave into Words, and in ascending Lays,
 To Rapture ^{hence} ~~thence~~ your everlasting Praise :
 For who Captivity has Captive led,
 Lading with Gifts the Slaves rebellious Head,
 Enters again the everlasting Doors,
 Again resumes himself, and to himself restores
 Those Triumphs his eternal Feet has trod,
 God by himself as now receiv'd the God,
 Owning the God who re-ascends his Throne
 On Beams till then, to Light and Heav'n unknown ;
 But hold ! O hold my Lyre, and silently adore,
 For here thou canst ascend, can sing no more,
 Till thou refin'd thro' every tuneful Pore,
 That wing'd thou shalt approach that sacred Floor.

Some GENTLEMEN on a Trust.

First Gent. **I** Hope, my Friend, your Brother is not
 dead ? *your Uncle*
 'Twas in the News last Night ~~Sir Frederick~~ said.

Second. O Sir, too true to me, the utmost Care,
 For *Squot* rakes all away my Brother's Heir,
 Who without Honour, Honesty or Fear,
 Prophanes the Rook, in his poor Father's Chair,

Sells

Sells off the shifted Cards does all Things wrong,
Sold *Belteshazzar's Toland* for a Song,

~~His Marks on *Gargery* and *Nabal's* Tongue.~~

A very rusty Spur, indeed Sir *Squot*,

Dear Brother, whilst his Words be ne'er forgot,

My younger Sons, poor Lads, said he, be put,

To ~~*my niggers*~~ ^{*solier*} ~~Knives~~, Girl to some Scold or Slut,

Then with his Hand in mine, cry'd *Blunder*, *Dick*

retire,

(Squire,

I faintly spoke, Sir, Brother, Justice, Member,

With me your Orders never shall expire.

But I'm a Stranger in this wild'ring Town,

Whence your Assistance, Sir, should proudly own.

First. You may command me, Sir, to ~~chase~~ ^{*name*} the Rogue,

But Scold ~~and~~ ^{*or*} Slut fits heavy on the Vogue,

Why one of them this Mystery rehearse,

To Nature why, such arrogant Reverse?

Second. Sir, of bold Prefence, to Reproaches lost,

Miss *Joanny* can some feeble Graces boast,

And is already the Recorder's Toast.

My Brother therefore found this Home Device,

To save the Honour of our Antient House,

Miss *Joanny* from her Sampler a Mistake,

For when in Silks would some fond Story take;

The Loves of *Cresida* and *Troilus* tell,

She work'd him off, her a mere flying Still,

As wild and wand'ring as *Don Quixote's* Mill,

For some dissolving Sigh, the County's Bell;

Then tore her Hair, and cry'd she was undone,

That like perverse *Penelope* had spun,

No Moments lost, nor no ~~Admirers~~ won.

Endearments

But

But let not me be in her Treffes lost,
 Who should go down to *Twodly* by the Post,
 Or with *per Cent.* within ~~two~~ ^{ten} Days at most :
 From *Sayall* 'Sizes, and *Allballow* Fair,
 To sip Elections for Sir ~~Basil Bear~~ *Bowdum Bear*,
 And Sir *John Tray*, Presenters of our Shire.
 Their Halls with Sauces pav'd, where're we tread,
 Were dipt, our Feet was like high Princes fed,
 Marrow and Olio's, there for ever, said.
 Tho' as regaling for his Country's Good,
 None eats with half the Figure, of *Dick Twod*,
 A gallant Youth as ever Nature wrought,
 Of the most fluid and stomachick Thought ;
 Yet when ~~brisk~~ ^{French} Wine was all the Board had said,
 He froth'd his Ale, and gave an *English* Nod,
 Then leering off Miss *Joanny* from ~~her~~ ^{Lord} Knight, *Lord High*
 Still cock'd his Ale, and bid us all good Night.

First. A braver Youth, I think, I never heard,
 Long live his flowing Casks, till at his Word,
 Their powerful Elegance shall ~~late~~ ^{Wine} retard. *Knighly*
 O'er ~~flow~~ ^{French} Squot ~~French~~, and all his ~~French~~ Race,
 Or froth him ~~back~~ ^{home} to his good Father's Ace.

On a LADY, who called another Silly, when out of
 her Company.

T All Cedars, tho' Commissioners from High,
 Aids to the Sun, Companions of the Sky,
 No Vales insult, nor Leaves of gentlest Dy ;
 But bow their Heads, and in rich Gums repay,
 By thousand fond Returns the humble Sweets they say,

Whilst

Whilst palest Aspens, as more *Tyrian* Green,
Arabian Palms impartially they skreen :
 For O, fair Sun, say they, great Orb of Truth,
 Spare thy own Roses, and indulge their Youth,
 Hear us, fair Light, for well thy Graces know,
 To our soft Arms, they their Endearments owe,
 Since didst thou mighty Star, no Shadows wear,
 What Friends, what Worlds could thy Approaches bear,
 As in those Cedars then poor *Ona* sit,
 Safe in the Branches of *Belinda's* Wit.
 In Place a Stranger, Stranger to your Breast,
 Wounding no Charms *Belinda* has possest,
 That if her early Stars no Beams has worn
 Those Gleams you should have lighten'd by your Morn,
 From all related Calendars you find
 Of Nature's Blood, the Index of your Mind;
 For tho' the Temples may some Triumphs move,
 And with the Heart we rove, 'tis with the Heart we love;
 Sense of the Mind from Souls to Souls convert,
 Great Nature's Genius and the Angels Taste.
 Which decks ~~the~~ ^{our} flowing Thoughts, arrays the Blood
 And with more Deity, anoints the God.

*To One, who would have me give some Account of the
 Pendency of the World.*

I Am no Globe, this Question why to me?
 When the World hangs you hear, 'tween Air,
 and Sea,

Which poiz'd on both does our own Orb sustain,
 My roving Flights, and your ambiguous Main,
 Should you the Ocean steer, I glide the Plain.

Tho'

Tho' Views too short, that Action takes no Place,
 That you my Air pursue, I think your Pace,
 What Chance shall thence show her bewilder'd Face,
 Therefore, I beg ^{you} ~~at~~ so, this very Night,
 That some bright Whale of Consequence and Flight,
 Would order *Godfrey* to extract us right.
 For should his Limbecks fly, as charg'd, with Man,
 Let him howe'er distill us as he can,
 Lest all your Longitude and Forts agree,
 To Fire these Articles, or let off me.

*For One whose Friend was more for her Housewifry and
Dress than Writing.*

WHat must we say? tell her your Pigs are fled,
 And Needles, like past Monarchs dead; O
 dead, dead, dead;

That when as Ease your Work lays smoothly spread,
 In some Pindarick Folds you gaged the Thread,
 Unfit for their Essays, and oft alone,
 The Reader knows how to pronounce that Tone,
 Your Coffers bounded and your Humour wide,
 That you this roving Article have try'd,
 In hopes you might whate'er the Wife can say
 Whisper some of Life's tangled Hours away:
 And tell her, great Minds are in no Ribbands bound,
 Nor in Confections, or wrought Kerchiefs wound.
 When *Alexander* dress'd the trembling World,
 He ask'd no *Cæsars* if his Plumes was curl'd;
 But as *Ephesian* wav'd them to his Hand,
 He took the Feather, and he gave Command,

Nor

Nor did he mix strange Drugs not understood,
 With you dear every Thing to spill our Blood,
 Your Eyes he says our Balsam, World his Hood.

~~Who there confers his Heroes, rais'd his View,
 And left his Targets of Brocade for you.~~

From the Installation at WINDSOR.

To a FRIEND.

SEE, who takes Nature's Universe at Sight,
 His Plumes unstain'd by interrupted Light,
 Monarch of Life, as of eternal Bliss,
 Install'd on high, Fame's everlasting Is,
 Whose every grasp Omnipotence contains,
 By a small Rule his glorious Life sustains,
 Yet none does that mysterious Measure bear,
 As some blest Order, the high Offering wear,
 When every Condescension by him shewn,
 Should be revered, as the Almighty Throne :
 Whence, O great *Raphael*, tho' we bless your Care,
 And *Gabriel* sing the Glories that you share,
 We now conjure you to descend your Choir,
 And hail this Royal Meteor on our Sphere :
 So may our Stars, your Embassies implore,
 And sound your Lays to the eternal Shore,
 'Till Time displum'd shall here install no more.

On Charlotte's being blamed for having a very mischievous Hand.

YOUR *Charlotte* says, tho' she may feel some Shogs,
 That for three Footmen, she but calls two Clogs,

F

She

Rich Broad'ry, as from softer *Venus* taught,
 In all the Graces of her Cestus, wrought;
 Silks fresh e'er vulgar Hands can soil the Prize,
 Or swelling Courts the shining Vesture seize;
 But I'm in haste, my Steward knows at large,
 Performs the Honours of my daily Charge.

Steward. I know his Charge, he knows it not
 himself,

Who thinks the very Stars invoke his Pelf,
 That when he speaks, the Ocean should be still,
 Whilst the whole Longitude is but his Will.

Builder. Ha, ha, a Man of Architect indeed.

Steward. Yet will to no bold Stroke of Your's re-
 cede.

Tho' boasting Figure, Wit, he says in Modes ad-
 dress, }
 That with a swift and vigorous Instinct blest, }
 He makes his Tour thro' every artful Breast. }
 Who rather would resign his peaceful Sword, }
 Than intimate the justest Notions heard, }
 Knowing and hearing but one useless Word; }
 Pleading no Language to superior Wit,
 Whose *Je ne sçai quoi* as of the first *Esprit*:
 Allow no Aid, which can thro' Meaning pass,
 Which he zests off, in every sprightly Glass,
 Swearing that for ten thousand Reasons, he
 Would neither hear nor know, dissolve nor be:
 For O to be, he says will never share,
 Those Volatiles his bright Reverses wear,
 To be dissolv'd, tho' nothing, yet a Word:
 Who would be something neither thought nor heard,

As

As without hearing know, discerning see,
Spite of our Doctor's; without Being, be.

On some Expressions in the Prophet Micai and Habakkuk.

Assemble her that halts, for I, I, saith the Lord,
Will gather the Afflicted at my Word;
And thou Tower of the Flock, is there no King in
thee,

Why cry'st thou thus can he no more decree?
Lord of the Earth, can he no more command?
Who brings the Nations bending to thy Hand:
Thy God, God, who from *Teman* came, thy Holy
One,

Whilst from Mount *Paran* all his Glory shone:
Horns thro' his Hands, in that mysterious Hour,
For there, there lay the Hiding of his Power.

F I N I S.

